

The blank book
WSC literary magazine
spring 1973

the final flame

in that uneven hour that separates life from death
we reach back yearning for the past, longing
to be among lost friends and dimmed memories.
we scoff at our mistakes, and look back in
envy at our triumphs, no matter how small.
as our flame suddenly dies we grasp for
the thin air that surrounds our minds.
slowly we follow a shadow down a
hard, windbeaten path, barefoot,
alone, hungry, getting caught
in a swamp of quicksand until
we shrink into a silent, feeble,

sound.

Ronald Ciras

THE SILENT TOM TOMS

Farewell breachclothed, breast beating
baboon interpretator
the vines
of time have swung past
no longer do young
elephants heed your savage
call
alligators bask in jungle sunlight
while you swim
they tire of wrestling the arthritic athlete
scratches on a bald head
from jungle thicket
replace the wavy blond hair
orangutans once envied
Cheetah alone remains
voiceless and toothless to
frighten unsuspecting parrots
with his tiger pantomine
the tree house grows tired
under 247 pounds of hero and his
Alpo fed cat
leave forever the memories
of bygone glory
and move into one of those new fangled
luxury apartments
half a mile down the road
Welcome to suburbia
you poor bastard

Michael Moore

Sunday touring

There are other things to consider.

The house was dying,
half apart a wall
gone glass and plaster
on the floor.

Not even pretty when it stood
breathing big and awkward with
gaudy light fixtures
and now not decently buried and
left alone.

I had been thinking of an open field,
the significance of brown
shaded over and over a
hundred different ways,
making a field rise and fall holding
a foot in motion.

There were buttons on the floor.
I don't think you saw them.
odd buttons in the plaster dust one large
red one, one
medium black, white,
assorted,
for shirts.

Someone spilled that button box
and left it in the corner
of a heaped down house.

Everyone is a suspect.

I am seeking a buttonless person,
woman child man.

I am searching hay fields for
open collars and round brown buttons
hastily sewn in my path.

Kwahu North of Oraibi

The wind that blows along the hills
And through the valleys from the west
Gently lifts unfolded wings
Of the eagle in flight.
Upward, through sky-opening
To land of happy kachinas.

Prayerful eyes turned upward
Searching the top of sky
With pahos held tensely
Waiting for return of eagle.

Powerful brown of long wing feathers
Melts into blackish brown
Of body — body of strength
The strength Kwatoko gives —
With head of beauty, the soft white
Blends with gentle brown
In splendor of its duties.

Spirit of kwahu appears in sky
And in radiance glides
On the winds that reach
To the top of sky
And the eyes of his people
Look to the ground,
Sadly turned away.

Blaise Baker

Big Cove — Raven Place

limbering willowy whisps
jutting cracked mounds
dark dotted milkgivers
rippling pasture like ant burrows
shined moon harvest
plotted ghosts of graves
hollows of red tanned clay
wood rotted mansions, hayheld,
tinned octagon silos
swaying whittled lattices
sunflower peckers darting over and through
matted cornstalks
winged spirited bounding long haired horses
tagging, sloping, coasting
slanting hillside church silhouettes
evenly spaced formes surrounded by
stilled model animals from a child's game
pluncking, twanged harmonica folklore
cucumber greened ferns hiding
gray arrowheads
passage ways of owl, pheasant, red bird,
wildcat, snowbird, black fox, crow,
going bird, standing deer, walking stick,
young squirrel, lone wolf.

patricia scarbeau

I walked down the tracks that night,
just like I used to do, trying not
to look back upon black shadows.
Cold tin biting through hollowed shoes,
The air rightly slapping me in the face
and I'm singing the blues seeing images
that I had known fade into the oblivion
of winding bends and the cold night.
I wondered to stop along the way
searching for a shelter to keep the cold out.
I wondered whether I could stop and stay.
Is there no rest?
or am I doomed to walking these tracks,
looking for some place
where they come to an end,
waiting for some Great Train
to send me sprawling
into bottomless gutters of ash and smoke.
But, the steel is long and offers no rest,
and that tree, that long slender tree
was so inviting.
Beautiful limbs and overhanging branches
smothered the creeping chill.
I thought I might just lean back
against her trunk for a spell,
and then sleep in her hollow,
Waking sometime tomorrow.

But when I woke, I found your shade
all to friendly far from the beating sun.
I was blinded by drooping arms,
and I gently fingered through those
lovely leaves which they held.
For a time, I waited at the station,
but the train never came.
There were times, oh yes there were times
when I wouldn't watch for that train,
both eyes being borrowed by your wood,
but you gave them back
and the limbs were lifted.
But I wanted to stay,
I kept telling the limbs,
I kept telling the leaves,
I kept telling your wood . . . your wood!
And I needed to stay,
I kept telling myself.
I tried to listen to faint whispers
of wind seeping through the leaves.
I went further than the leaf into the vein
searching for something to believe.
I could see your wood within the vein
and the wood was soft
but waiting for some traveler
who would not feel its hardness.
I ran down the path and to the tracks
trying not to look back,
but I looked at the logs which supported the track
and I cried.

the public

has a short mind.

even the Official sins

of officials go unrewarded.

Claim anything with

piety,

keep your hands humble,

and all misplaced and wellplanned murder

is forgotten.

Love your

mother

and all the burning babies

drifting over your head become

suns,

little neon suns,

make your voice glow with their energy,

and words will drip like cool lava

from your lips.

Eat jello for breakfast

(once a year)

in tribute to starving millions.

You are with them

in heart.

your necktie striped and tasteful

will lighten

and lengthen and swell

around your grey body.

a vast white robe of prophecy

(but keep it brief, and inconcise. some starve,

some don't, something like that.)

Keep the faces

of your children well-scrubbed.

sons and daughters shining golden

in reflected mediocrity.

And

smile.

the asses you don't shoot off

you can always give away.

we all have friends.

Cecile Gleason

The Manassa Mauler

The old man staggered across the street. Tonight only three had been enough. Stopping at the curb, he stared down the street: past the boarded schoolhouse he once attended, past the parking lot that had once been a theater, past the taunting teens — past all this and more he plodded wearing his same, indifferent expression. When he arrived home he went directly into the bedroom. There, amid the pin-ups of Dempsey and Langford, he fingered the tarnished medal. Suddenly he wheeled to face the shadow from the shadeless lamp. Two lefts, a hook, and he collapsed. And in his dreams he was young again.

R. L. Peloquin

I have travelled to distant countries
hoping to find solitude
I have counted sunrises
in cloistered rooms
I have pined for lost lovers
until I grew weary
I have been educated
by those with no knowledge

I have listened to symphonies
imposing my emotions upon Haydn
I have worshipped the sun
instead of God
I have walked through cemeteries
to become acquainted with death
I have grown restless
with the changing of the seasons

I have praised Eliot
for his style and integrity
I have spilled my secrets
upon deaf ears
I have built strong towers
to conceal myself in
I have waited for peace
and have died at its doorstep

I have portrayed with firmness
the clown
the poet
the philosopher
and have failed
I have read rain
fall upon city streets
I have worked for perfection
and have fallen short

I have gazed in storefront windows
admiring the reflection
I have carried picket signs
because I had purpose
I have read through midnight
to find truth in fiction
I have closed my eyes
against the impending future

I have wallowed in depression
to encounter pity
I have rejoiced afternoons
to succumb to evening's shadow
I have concealed my body
behind denim and jersey
I have waited for spring's salvation
in the dead of winter

I have worked in factories
amid ignorance and filth
I have been wasteful
while others have starved
I have seen sadness
in the eyes of children
and have wondered why
I have covered my footprints
with warm sea water

I have hungered for freedom
from the politicians
from the money makers
from the family
needing the chance to become
what I dreamed I should be
I have simplified my complexity
and have lost my soul

I have done all this
and have gone nowhere

numbers

when is a
number a word?
1 one me
2 two us
3 three them
4 four a table
impersonally
four legs on a table

1 at 4
alone

2 at 4
together
maybe candlelight

3 under 4
watching 2
2 left 1

1 at 4
alone
candle blown out
3 steadily encroaching on 1
yellow yes
rise above 4
burn bright holes
in 1

oh, 2
where the hell are you?

Cecile Gleason

Poem to Maine – 100 Miles

As I travel to a distant place of infinity
I am searching for my serenity.
I must find myself among the strangers
but what am I doing here?

Sometimes I think of life as a journey
and having no place to go
and nothing to seek.
Maybe it is fortunate that life is this way.

My mind is so free and safe from one
existence, but must cope with another.
My other half is unveiled and reflects
back to me.

David Torrey

BEHIND A PAPER BLOODSTAIN
(to and of Peyton Johnson)

You are no springtime soldier
to be wasted on the land,
or to fall before flowers
and receive medals or ever fade,
There is no peace in this
you too will die, like me,
with a pen,
Yours filled with paint and love,
mine with quiet blood and balm;

If we ever were to compare
our classic skills
by the light,
My parchment would dry and tear
into pieces and a pile of dust,
Your oils could sooth the muscles
of a hero or the birthmarks
of a king,
The quills you hold contain the sky,
your brush the tears of granite;

Contrast will never mend the
ribbons I have to the trophies
you forged of air,
These things are but things forever,
our works are gods for tomorrow,
Touch the mountains with your eyes
as my fingers tear away the stone,
You have life in your palm.
I have nothing but a pen;

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You continue to picture the world
on element as unfeeling as mine,
yet yours has no bleak barrier
in brazen tongues or silent hands,
There is no iron to clasp
your works behind,
though yours can die in flames,
Paint until the fire consumes,
until our hands are burned.

Mike Mikulics

Evening

Oh you wouldn't believe the untuned
silence of the damp and glittering
streets.
An unlocked door presents a conversation,
the animosity prevails.
My conscience is the only voice I hear.
My steps are like jackhammers plundering
the earth.
My fears went with the sun, my faith is
restored with the dark.

David Torrey

The Fiddler

He plays a sad song without
ever knowing why.
The minute the fiddler is
conceived he is already being
destroyed.
His talents will never be explored.
He, like the condemned man,
knows his fate, but hopes
against all hope that he be given a chance.
Bravely he smiles while the
abortionist executes his life.
And he dies never feeling
he has had a fair trial.

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Rose Bartley

INSIDE MY TEMPLE

I have taken all the poppies
you laid before me and
tied them to my wrist.

As the scent falls
upon my fingers
I will remove the quill
from my skin and bind it
to the petals and leaves.

Now I can write in pollen
and red ink all my
garden love and bliss.

I can close my fingers
around the buds of
drugged men
hoping to scatter
seeds to the surf.

I have tied your poppies
to my wrist and have
written of my love for you
and my suicide to God.

November

the snow is moving
across the west now,
plodding up the mountains
and over the flat plain
looking for shelter.
It has always wintered in the east,
with the stone hills and
wool faces of New England.

Though it is early November
still birds wait silently on black branches
The herds have narrowed their eyes
against the storm and listen
to the measured breath of a farmer
piling oak and pine
against an unpainted shed.

The hands of bright women
wrinkle,
in love with the cold.
And the fires glow red and
cows sleep heads down,
softly rocking in anticipation.

A blazing sun burns through
the pink and blue sky
The waves dancing in and crashing
on the shore
The wind gently blowing on the
ripped sand dunes
The seagulls gliding
A perfect escape from the noise
and the madness;
Watching the dawn meet the
silent night
carol lupisella

Spring lay on her back
rolling warm
fragrant bubbles down the hills
of chimney tops,
and casting marvelous shadows to
draw the calloused sap to stir.
It almost broke the evergreen's
will when the moon rose pink
above the sunset and the sap ran wild
to greet it.

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Huge blocks relax
together like fathers and daughters sleeping.
Even Matisse could not color
a figure so solid as Spring
bursting her song on snow
crusted round a black raven's wing.

Cecile Gleason

FURTHER PRAYERS TO FUJIJAMA

(For Basho, Bu-san, and Mu-y-se.)

Eyelids over ponds,
fluttered and sipping life's wine,
age reflected age.

Red pennants above
rivers seeped with purple robes
wave for old China.

Your thighs existing
as clouds against deep heaven,
my pine touches rain.

California,
Apollo of salvation,
Olympus of sun.

Bird meditation
flows down the open branches
in summer delight.

Everything is dim
behind the dying kite tails,
a sparrow has died.

Poem in the sand
lingers for the sea bottom,
it is eternal.

Mike Mikulics

Waltzing

yesterday
when morning rang of pigeons,
and a winter sun
trudged like a beggar
behind the hills and chimneys
of our houses,
roofs turned grey
with their complexities
of weighted snow,
yet stared down gently
as we made our way
up frosted stairs
past lighted doors and windows
to the darkened chamber
of another side,
caught between the careful
footprints of the pintoed cat
crouched between the linens
and the clothes left behind,
to better learn the spectrum
of your chords,
colored, textured
with those patterns of the soul
that flicker in the duskligh
while we lose our careful words
between the flowing measures
of a waltz,
unmistaken.

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Robyn Marshall

WELL OF THE WORLDS

You are strung between mountains,
gently, as Colorado clouds or
Appalachian mist,
with all the creatures and people
huddled by your hair and
feeble flowers;

These little things are placid now,
like pools, ponds to drop
coins for luck,
They cling to your hair for some
Aegean warmth without smiling,
they have nothing to lose;

They come for your water in the hills
with copper buckets and
silver pails,
All the moisture is forever for them,
the salt around you holds
nothing for me;

For I have walked between mountains,
beside the cool waters
of the sun,
Mountains are no prize at stake for me,
as my trophies come from the
well of the worlds;

Deep, bubbling, that cool spring
of your mountain gurgles and
fills the barren soil,
Yes, the well of the worlds, untamed,
waiting, wanting and
willing ----- cool;

Yet this range is within sight of me,
your salt and hair hold me
more than hills,
Still, those flowers you breathe into
are not as enfeebled as
good mountains;

You are strung slowly between mountains,
your salt dissolved and
dried to crust,
Those flowers are forever feeble,
my hands remain lattices
to support them.

Mike Mikulics

THE WOODS ARE LOVELY, DARK AND DEEP

Sun eliciting fragile beauty
Enticing Anubian echoes in the mind
Luring a shadow into the shrouded crystal beauty
Through pathways of star studded snow
In a forest of chandeliers.
Undisturbed beauty
But for the shadow left behind.

Sun shining ahead –
Birches sprouting spectral buds
Frozen peace
Clothed in a blanket woven by shimmering light.
Untouched beauty
Now moved by the moan of life.

Age beneath years
Cracking crystal limbs
Fragmenting the chandeliers
Leaving glistening splinters of light
Scarring the celestial blanket of white
Death seen through life.

Behind – the woods are left by the sun
Dimming the prism of light
And refracting the sight,
Naked black limbs stretching for a blue sky
Breaching the unornamented lawn
Touched only by remnants of down

Melting peace – pooling in tears
Age crying for life-Death claiming its due.
Pride and pathos in the bleakness
Freezing life's shadow
In the void between the worlds
Two directions pulling – yearning and turning
Death speaking of life – Life showing death.

Melting ice – dripping Persephone's tears,
Kindling cold – forming Demeter's stream,
Visual sounds – transfixing reality's dream.

Akualiona Burdulis

PICASSO

He should live forever;
that Altar Boy, much like
his creator, in god-like fashion
spans the darkness of eternity.

Masked and dancing through distortion
the fire bound heart
ignites angle, plane, sphere
until mere boldness defies
the vision of the child.

Strokes against a reality of the unreal
blaze in didactic measure
amid mutilated screams —

frozen
grey, black, white.

Beyond the coldness of despair,
through the purgatory of un-baptized Altar Boys,
the voice of the hand proclaims:

“Yo, el Rey,” giving birth
to a rising star-
lift my head to Eros, shouting

I, the King

I am chaos

I am

Picasso

Ebb Tide

Her footprints have washed
back into the sea
Her concept of what sat on the horizon
might be drawn to and swallowed
into reality with age.
Young girls and old women
sit by vacant shorelines
holding their chins in their palms
mesmerized by whatever goes on without
them behind faraway clouds.
When I see posters
of a lonely girl walking along a beach
I wonder if she has found a low cloud
to look behind.

John Mansfield

NIGHT JOURNEY

Headless image
lurking in a pool of memories
we share degrees of
despair, ambition,
accomplishment.
In your shadows lie
attainment,
in mine
drippings of sanity.
I waited for you;
tell me now
before the manacles binding us give way
tell me —
need I ask?
You watched for me as I
expected you.
Our shadows, in communion, create
a unity unexpected — a oneness
divided only by my imaginings.
In myself I see you
as you see me
without answers.

Drifting

a sea with my image
tossed from wave to wave
memory to memory
'til somewhere
between resolve and resolution
I too fall
asleep.

Jane in Spain

Once I saw
a picture of Spain
in a National Geographic Magazine.
The houses were white,
the sun was white even
the heat was white.
Women moved down the streets
like black pillars.

This is all
I have seen of Spain.
except for Guernica
and the hills of toledo projected across
a screen in appreciation of art.

But I have heard things.
I have heard rumors of Spain,
messages found in a black olive can and
pressed underneath a flat hat's brim.
I have heard
a hundred men on the street
waiting for litter to fall.
I have heard peasants with straight and perfect
teeth squinting wine around corners.
I have heard
American kids living for one American dollar
a day in caves along the coast amusing
themselves with an old woman's sweat.
I have heard the Moors washed up on the
beaches and Catholics with narrow backs and
sad eyes.

And the bulls.

I have heard of bulls so beautiful
sweeping down the streets behind small fragile men.
Hurrying to the execution,
do their faces show it? Do they ever
sweat so profusely as the thin-legged matador?
Do the bulls have time
to say grace?

And I have heard Ernest Hemingway still sits
in a corner drinking bitter wine
with the aficionado.

And there are still guns from the
Civil War buried in the dirt floor
of a small farmhouse,
and the children will never give the place.

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These rumors have
sought me out do not tell me
if they are true.
It is enough
that they find me.
One thing only, I ask.
I have heard
and is it true,
Franco always always wears gloves.

Cecile Gleason

PAY NOW – GO LATER

quicker than frightened deer feet
scattering time raped leaves
years melt into one another
they no longer differ
they no longer have meaning
sweat, work
work, sweat
slaves to green paper
stripped from once lush forests
a lifetime spent for a balsam box
with no roots
no life
only the timeless worms for companions
in the womb to tomb march
we must walk

Michael Moore

GREGORY

you can't imagine the dreams
corny episodes
tying your shoe so you don't fall
wiping snot from your face before going to church
scolding Jonathan for waking you
putting fifty cents in the bank account Mom and I started for you. She
said you had long black hair.
you can't imagine

summer afternoons and Jonathan helping you ride a bike
Mom's special purple and orange mittens, they'll fit 'till you're four
Someday I'll show you the farm where I grew up
or the three of us guys will camp out in Maine, if there's room.

Gregory James

Imagine

fishing four miles out in Uncle Bob's boat
visiting your grandparents on the coast of Spain
hunting in Washington with Uncle Lou
horse riding in Texas with your cousins

If you only could imagine

your Mom, her baked apples and the way
she stands when she mimicks Johathan
putting her hands on her hips
smiling when someone says something in Spanish
how she cried when she fell, how I cried so
no one would know

you just can't imagine

hot dogs cooked in tin foil

snow higher than the car

robins stretching worms

the smell of orange leaves in a pile

Johathan had black hair, but now its brown

he has lots of fun

in church

the bathroom

Mom's purse

my pockets

Imagine

Serious

solid plans

driving slower now, kids are hurt worst

we're all hurt

The doctor said, "we hoped to the last minute."

He added, "you were perfectly formed."

Richard Kasunick

a discussion

of music

I am here to discuss music
 If there are some who do
 not want or need to hear my ideas,
 please leave at this point
 I dislike boring myself and others at the
 same time Shall I keep this for
 later? Whatever you say, John
 Cage scratched a nail on a brick
 for three minutes and thirty- four seconds.
 To him , it was music . What about you?
 A pianist quietly sits on his bench
 hardly breathing in the intense silence
 to create another form of music. I
 can't hear it !! Where is it? This
 also explains why I abhor twentieth
 century music . You are bored
 Yet , as you rustle in your seats , you
 are making contemporary music . What
 has become of Beethoven? ?
 Someone is eating lunch in
 a restaurant in southern New Jersey
 . The lettuce is crispy while
 the tomatoes drip juice
 on the blue plate . Is this
 music ? Perhaps you should have
 left at the point . This
 is the end of the first
 part

Are you amused? How do you feel
 about Mozart ? Something should be
 said about elements .
 Music must contain rhythm harmony
 melody form to be .
 If this poem has rhythm , is it
 also a piece of music? as well as poetry
 ? Would that be fair Musicians have
 a union to dispute it. We blink
 at a given rate — do we have
 music inside our eyes ? A trolley
 is running down a hill in San
 Francisco. I've never been to Illinois
 . What do you say about
 Bach ? It must be of great
 importance . A New Yorker would feel
 revived in Illinois . The pace is
 slower. Music eases my frustration .
 We must set aside our inhibitions
 . Music must be a release !!
 Handel's choir shouts their
 approval of birth. Illinois must
 be music. Perhaps I should have kept
 this for later . This is
 the end of the second part.

charlotte gareau

SITTING

I sit here
 fumbling with my pen
 alone in a crowded room
 I am thinking about nothing
 I am thinking about something
 Nothing is something.

I am sitting here.
 getting tired of sitting
 getting tired of being alone
 getting tired of myself
 I am sitting.

I am loving the people
 beside me who don't know my name
 and could care less about me
 I am loving my name
 I am sitting here loving getting tired
 I am waiting for someone to fall in love with
 I am waiting to stop sitting.

I am a stranger to myself
 Because I am blind to myself
 That is why I am sitting
 Waiting for myself.
 I am sitting
 People who are sitting beside me
 are also sitting even if
 they don't know that
 I am sitting.

I am sitting
There is a stillness in the air
Where I am sitting
I've got no reason to stand
I look awkward when I smile
I am the empty wall in every room
So I am sitting

No one will notice me
And I will notice no one
Cause they are sitting too.

I am loving the world around me
When I am sitting
Cause the world around me is my chair
Soft, blue, indifferent
incapable of pain
I can't stand pain
It makes me look at myself
So I am sitting
The room is quiet where I am sitting

I know no one here
and neither does my chair
So I am sitting

I am sitting
I am sitting
in my chair.

Ronald Ciras

I feel burdened by your presence
It is like the heat of too much sun;
my pores are clogged,
the air hangs in the stale resemblance
of yesterday
when I was free
from your preverted soul.
It is a pentacost,
a pilgrimage into the unknown wilderness
which lies beyond my immediate
token lands of feeling,
and I journey daily, alone,
aided by only my feelings
and if they are tenderly received,
but my feelings bounce off you today
like echoes off a canyon wall
resounding with only vibrations of a thought,
thrown out to the empty wind.

Robyn Marshall

Future's spectre

hovers ominously silent

gloating in its knowledge

and my ignorance

pursed lip shadow

hint to me of tomorrows to come

that present may prepare

an easier path to follow

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Past has spoken of youth's

inglorious trials

of ideals gone awry

on cultivated plains of maturity

only you can fertilize what remains

Michael Moore

Neck stringed cats scream screeches absorbless in the red reeled
bumper row white line curves.
Vapor tongued steeled blue dogs ribbed stalk lifeless
Blocks in the sink streets without stalks.
Thread string oak leafs hang pasted to the revolveless sky pales.
Hill shocks lay bared in the spread highways boundless.

Green grass forzen paths crawl back still touches.
Dark froze dawn blows night dust.
Tree bares and salt mist marshes rush wild breathless frosts.
Piper feet tracers run faces buried white sand.
Spider webs and wildcats weave snowfields in the night.
Spider webs and wildcats run frozen green passes in the night.

James Underwood

Sandpipers

Moon night glistens green pine finger shafts.
Wildcat spider webs weave snowfields in the night.

Thousands flashed mobbed spots blast silent hills stilled.
Blank beads barbed white bleed black sky gauzeless.
Halved drunk clown bloated stumbles over cold graves stone
Back shackless kitchen hovel cold stove.
Flat tone television flasks flash echoless room walled white in
blank voice blinks,
Cold crack plastic chairs still float touchless without bodied
links.
Squared table top sits stained empty cereal bowled and crumbless stale.
Night stripped street eye beads sweatless hang hovered moon
breathless.

Wafer candled faces run wind sand white.
Silver cooled moon clouds ride ghost faces across the sky.
Hair flows breathe candle flame tear drops into silent sounds.
Ghost clouds drift all night embers to the wood skeleton wanes.
Wind chills blow sand voices piper feet sand waves.

Crableg strings dry hollow to the wind swelled.
Dead winds drop split cliffs blasted stone hollow slats.
Ripped night bleeds naked to the scorch poled bulbs flat.

Framhouse hill rolls hill fields grass bone.
Did you ever know a Susan black eye?
Pass around the peas black eye yellow eyed.
Moon ghost clouds drift all night hearth embers soundless.
Susan black eyes sparkled star night bright snow times.

Black bats freeze bursts under sensor poled white night floodless.
Stale air climbs to the closed window stops.
Pale breathed moon shatters linger summer seed hay snow frozen
flightless.

what if I ask forty questions?
what if I stop right now?
will that bring you reality?
will that make reality obvious?
what is reality?
is what's obvious to me, obvious to you?
is reality a number of sounds?
does it communicate?
is a car passing by reality?
if I can see it, do I also have to hear it?
if I don't hear, is it still reality?
if while I see it but don't hear it, hear
something else instead, like a siren,
does the siren have more reality than the car?
which has more truth?
are people awake more real than people asleep?
if the ones awake can't hear as well as the ones
asleep, does that change my question?
is reality just reality or is it something else?
do people create it?
if I forget about people is reality still around me?
is this the twentieth question?
are there any more important questions to ask?
and now, do I have none?
do questions have reality?
now that I've asked twenty-five questions can
I ask fifteen more?
I can, but may I?
is there any future in questions?
is there any future in reality?
is reality the future?
do we have a future?
have we got beauty?
shall we go looking for it if we haven't got it?
shall we find it living next door to reality?
what else is there to ask?
how long can this continue?
must we question reality?
how long can we live without it?
can I ask three more questions?
do you think this is the last question?
do you think this is reality?

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